

ACCOUNT OF THE Trial, Condemnation, and Burning OF THE POPE AT Aberdene in Scotland,

JANUARY the 11th. 1689.

It was supposed to have been performed by His Holiness in the greatest splendour, having come to purpose to congratulate the good Success the Roman-Catholicks had in this Kingdom, and particularly in Aberdene: In order to which His Holiness being seated on a Chair of State, with his Crown on his Head, his Keys on his Arm, and clothed with Scarlet Robes lined with Ermine; Began his procession from the Colledge-Gate, about four a clock in the afternoon, and was accompanied as follows.

First Marched a Company of Men carrying Links, & a breast.

Then Marched the Janitor of the Colledge, carrying a Colledge Mace before six Judges in Scarlet Robes.

Then Marched four Whiffers Sounding.

Then four Priests, four Jesuits, four Popish Bishops, four Cardinals, all in their Robes, at a competent distance from others, betwixt a Lane of Burning Links on each side.

Then followed a Jesuite in Embroidered Robes, carrying a great Cross.

And last of all came his Holiness, carried on a Magnificent Chair of State, with his Privy-Counsellour the sometime appearing at his back, having a great number of burning tapers about him. In this manner he carried throv all the streets of the City, distributing Pardons and Indulgences gratis: And being come to High-street, near the Cross, he placeth himself in a Theatre Erected on purpose; where after several salutes made to his Holiness, one of his Cardinals made the following Speech.

Most Holy Father, of all the Earth the Prince,
Who keeps the Keys of Hell, & Heaven, e're
many days: You God of gods on Earth, (since
You can Bind, Loose, Save, Punish, at one Breath,
Souls of Persons: Condemn both Kings & Crowns,
You can make Souldiers Coats of Card'nals Gowns.
At Joy is here! To see that You should Grace
with Your Presence, in so Remote a Place:
Therefore to you Presents offer now,
All the World to *Beats* gods must bow
There's none dare Question Your Prerogative,
Most Holy Father, then for ever live.
I'll make all owne Infallibility,
And, we'll add you have Ubiquity,
We're still at *Rome*, tho' ye have grac'd this day
With your own presence: Hail Father, Hail for ay.

Pop. Good Cardinal, we know this is the time
For to advance our Interest, let's Combine,
Spare ye no Arts our Lustre to support;
Go search all Mines to enrich our shining Court.
You may sell Heaven, of Religion make a Trade,
Indulgences in plenty can be had.

Car. Most Holy Father, while Priest-craft bears the
We'll make Heaven's Gate a Lock to your own Key:
'Gainst Hereticks our Swords we'll quickly draw,
And will perform this Your so Sacred Law:
Hundreds of Thousands we will make to share
On common Doom; no Sex nor Age we'll spare,
No kneeling-beauties Tears, no Virgins Cryes,
No Infants smiles, none spar'd with us, all dyes.

About the time that his Holiness and the Cardinal
is at this Conference, Enters Father *Peters* in great
hast, who delivers his Holiness a Letter; upon Reading
whereof his Holiness falls a-Swown, and the Devil
appears at his back to help him; upon sight of all
which the Crowd cry.

*Now Babylon falls, come, come, let us pull down
That Scarlet Whore, and break the Triple Crown:
We'll Countermine her Plots, we will Combine,
And ever pray for Religion and our King.*

His Holiness awakes, and being possess'd with an extraordinary Collick, (the Devil all the while holding his head) Vomits Plots, Daggers, Indulgences, and the Blood of Martyrs, and cryes.

Pop. Oh! We're undone. Oh! Mr. Devil, pray
Help us with your advice, without delay.

Dev. Hells Plots are ended, *Israels* GOD combines,
To crush our Counsels, to break our Designs.

Pop. Oh! Mr. Devil, pray then take me hence
Unto your Court, since ye'll find no defence.

Dev. Good Mr. Pope, my Court cannot contain your Holiness, except ye would go in : into my Kitching ; for my Court is throng, With Popes, and Cardinals, who will admit of none But Nuns amongst them, where all the World may see, That they, with them, made pretty Companie. For while in *Rome* some Nephews got some Neices, They now get Sons and Daughters in their places. But, Mr. Pope, since Priest-craft must be gone, And since there's few that will your case bemoan ; To *France* I'll send you, where perhaps ye may Be made Groom-of-the-Stool to's Majesty.

Pop. Oh ! Mr. Devil, How can you thus torment Your wonted Friend ? Oh ! VVill ye not prevent : This fatal Doom ? How can I go and Dight, A Princes Breech ? VVho oft-times in the light. Of all the World, have made great Monarchs go, And lay aside their Crowns, to kiss my Toe. Pray then, Sir Devil, will ye but permit, If not to Court, unto the darkeſt Pit ; Rather than send me to the King of *France*, ? To wipe his Breech. Oh, most ſad miſchance !

Dev. To Hell then go, in Chains I will you bind ; But Jeſuits a while muſt ſtay behind ; That while you'r on your Journey unto Hell, Theſe Lads may go and Ring the *Trinity-Bell*.

At the end of the aforeſaid Conference, the Devil endeavoured to throw his Holineſs in the Fire, but was hindered by Order of a High Court of Juſtice, who having heard of his Holineſs's Proceſſion, reſolved to give him a fair Tryal by Law : And accordingly having Erected a Bench, and the Judges having taken their Seats in their Robes, cauſed to bring in his Holineſs, attended by his good Friend Mr. Devil, (all the reſt of his Friends deſerting him) and ordered the Clark to read the following Inditement.

Innocent the Eleventh Universal Biſhop and Pope of *Rome*, pretended Succeſſor to *St. Peter*, thou art Indicted and Accuſed of High Treason againſt the moſt High and Eternal God, as an Enemy to Religion, Monarchy and Government, and an open and avowed Murderer of Mankind. In ſo far as thou haſt taken upon thee to Uſurpe the Titles and Prerogatives only due to the Heavenly Father, haſt moſt blaſphemouſly Erected to thy ſelf unknown gods, and in contempt of thy Maker haſt Worſhipped and Adored them ; haſt Uſurped the Power of Dethroning Kings and Diſpoſing of Kingdoms : Haſt upon pretence of Religion committed Maſſacres and Murders, and Canoniz'd the Actors. And albeith thou thinks it damnable for Priests to Marry, yet thou proclaims it Venial for them to commit Fornications and Adulteries before and after Confeſſion. Thou owns it meritorious for perſons to Cheat and Lie for advancing thy Inter-eſt, and Emittest Indulgences to palliate theſe Faults. And therefore, thou art guilty of the foreſaid horrid and execrable Crimes, which being found to be of verity, Thou ought and ſhould forfeit thy Life, Liberty and Goods, and ſuffer the Pain of Death, in ſuch Form and Manner as this High Court of Judicature ſhall think fit.

After Reading of the foreſaid Indictment, the Lord

Chief Juſtice Interrogates his Holineſs if he be Guilty or not Guilty, to which his Holineſs (being ſciouſ of the Guilt of what was laid to his Charge) made no Answer ; Thereafter the Court adduced ſufficient Proofs by the Canons of the Church, Bulls, Edicts, and Indulgences lying in Proceſs, they found him Guilty of the Crimes contained in his Indictment and therefore ordered the Clerk to read out the following Sentence.

Before Reading of which (the Lyon King at Arms and his Brethren Heraulds, and Purſevants, being ordered to be preſent in their Robes,) the Trumpets ſounded three times ; thereafter the Clerk read, and the Deſter of Court proclaimed the following Sentence.

Innocent the Eleventh Universal Biſhop and Pope of *Rome*, pretended Succeſſor to *St. Peter* ; Forasmuch as thou art found Guilty by this High Court of Juſtice of the horrid, and Treasonable, and execrable Crimes contained in the Indictment ; Therefore, the Lord Chief Juſtice, and remanent Lords here preſent ſentence in Judgment, Decern & Ordain thy Body in all thy Members, to be taken immediately to the publick ſcaffold of Execution, and there to be burnt to aſhes, and thy Blood to be tainted, thy Honours, Reputation and Fame, to be blotted out of all Records : Neither Thou, nor thy Emiſſaries, Nuncio, Cardinals, Biſhops, Priests, Jeſuits, Monks, Friars, Nuns, Whore-bawds, or Proteſtants diſguiſed, (tho by a Note of the True Proteſtant Religion, without ſeeking in the contrair) be ever admitted in any Civil ſociety, or ever have power to bear Charge in any Office of Dignity or Truſt within this Kingdom, or City, any time hereafter.

To which the Deſpiter of Court added ; and gave for Doom.

After Reading of which Sentence, the Trumpets ſounded again three times ; and the Lyon King at Arms, and his Brethren Heraulds and Purſevants, having the Pope's Arms in their Hands, Repeated the Sentence, Ranvers'd, and teared his Armorial, and threw it in his Face.

The Lord Lyon and Heraulds, after Reading their Sentence in face of the Judicatory, March'd with the Croſs in their Robes, the Trumpets all the way ſounding before them ; And again from the Croſs Proclaimed the former Sentence, with all its Solemnities ; being ended, his Holineſs was taken away from the Theatre, & the Sentence put in Execution againſt him. During the time of his Burning, the Spectators were entertained with Fire-works, and ſome other Diſturbances.

After all was ended, the *Trinity-Church* Bell (which was the only Church in *Scotland* taken from the Proteſtants and given to the Papiſts, wherein they uſed to have their Service) was Rung all the Night.

FINIS.